

CIRCUS MOVES TO BROOKLYN.

STEADY OLD BARE LEADS THE ELEPHANTS OVER THE BRIDGE.

Little Coco squeals and runs and Excelsior His Mother, but finally he is stopped by Log Chair and can't do any more harm—Fun for Small Boys.

Coco, the infant son of Columbia, a pachyderm of packing box size, but cram full of Old Nick, did his best to prevent it, but in spite of him the circus is in Brooklyn, housed in a dozen gleaming tents on the old lot at Saratoga avenue and Halsey street. Yesterday afternoon there were roars for raw, red beef, and trumpeting of hungry elephant folk demanding food from old Bill Emery, the rat gray keeper, who understands the language of the elephant people, sent adventures in knickerbockers and pinafores scurrying away.

Sunday is a fast day with the four-legged eaters of raw meat. Six days they gorge and on the seventh they complain with a multitude of queer voices because of their empty bellies. This is so because distemper comes with too much flesh food, but lots of people think it is cruel and the circus people don't argue the matter. It is not worth while, they say. Quite a pretty girl, who agitated the monkeys extremely on account of the tempting glories of her Easter hat, said to old Bill:

"Just listen to those poor animals cry for something to eat. I think you are mean not to feed them something."

The old keeper made a jerky bow.

"Madam," said he, "did you ever doctor a pet cat for worms?" and walked away.

All day the mournful stomach cries went on, and the other animals, the grass eaters, though fed, joined in the chorus, out of sympathy. The grunts, the koodoos, the gentle wambats and the queer apteryx lamented to the chauri gau, the zebu and the scaly ant-eater. It was all good fun for the children, and they went to the old circus lot with their mamma and their yapas in droves. Yesterday was rope and tent rehearsal day and the circus people let visitors in to snoop about and see things. Of all the beasts the one that tickled the little people most was the tiny pony, no bigger than a bulldog. If he had eaten all the peanuts and apples and candy that the children offered him, he would have been a very sick pony by night.

There was no rest yesterday for the circus people, from James A. Bailey down to Mickey McCann, that looks after the treasurer's rat dog. It was work, work, work, without a wink of sleep and with only an hour for breakfast at 6:30 A. M. Long before the performance was over in Madison Square Garden Saturday night, every stick and string that wasn't needed was packed, loaded and on the way to the circus lot in Brooklyn, where the big tents had been set up for days waiting to be occupied. When the last man was out of the show, the hurrying and scurrying, roping, packing and loading up of what remained commenced with a rush that seemed without discipline or order, although no army moves with more scientific precision and accuracy of detail than a big circus. The iron girders high up in the roof of the Garden swarmed with men loosening ropes, dropping blocks and tackle with thumps to the sawdust floor; with wagons taking in the small beasts and the thousand and one properties; with canvasmen and bosses and wagonmen and trainers and all sorts of queer circus folk.

To the very last minute a small old man with a short gray beard and very keen eyes stood quietly by watching everything that went on, giving orders to two or three and then smoking a long cigar with excellent relish. It was the boss of the show, Mr. Bailey, who says he is 59. An old animal man, who has been with the circus since the late Mr. Barnum's early days, says that Mr. Bailey doesn't have birthdays any more, because his trainer is said to be an envious old man who dyes his beard.

It was about 1 o'clock when everything was ready but the elephants for the big march to Brooklyn. Outside the Garden were hundreds of people who were kept in order by a small army of policemen and ten mounted men and a few mounted police. But when it came to getting the elephants up there was trouble. Most of it came about through Coco, though there were other reasons. He had been very nervous and uneasy among the elephant folk all day and night. Down in the basement, where they stood side by side, they swayed backward and forward, and from one foot to another, trumpeted and curled their trunks fearfully. They seemed to know that something was in the air, that the time had come to move on.

"It's downright curious," said Old Bill Emery, "a matter I can't rightly explain, though I have been elephant keeper for forty years. Seems like they always know when something out of the common is about to happen. Believe me or not, these people, from the smallest to the largest, all seem to have a sixth sense, as well as I do that we are going to get out of here and go for a stroll. How they know it I can't say, but it is sure a fact."

Coco swung his trunk and knocked off Old Bill's battered hat. "Dern you, you little fool, keep still," said the old man. "Now," said he, "we will have a little talk that squealing little pig before we get his across the bridge."

The word came to move the elephants. Old Coco led the line, the lead, the model of a good elephant. Up she went over the runway, and right behind her shuffled the other elephant people until it came time for Coco to lead. Then Old Coco balked, squealed, kicked out with his hind feet, threw his small trunk and acted for all the world as if he was the biggest fool that ever made a dash and there was scattering of circus people. Somebody laughed.

"What are you cackling about?" said old Bill. "Maybe you think it's smart to laugh at folks who run when an elephant breaks loose. Well let me tell you that the man who stands still when the elephant is loose is the Lord ever made and he's made a plenty."

They got chains, good stout log chains, and tied Coco's front feet, leaving him enough freedom to walk. They did the same to the hind legs, and then they prodded him in the rear with a sharp hook, the kind that all elephants particularly abominate. Coco went up in a blind fury.

In the street ten police horses were doing step dances. Most horses are afraid of elephants, just as little boys are afraid of the bogey man. The police horses reared and plunged, and every time a great burst trumpeted all the way to the top of the trunk. When Coco appeared with his squeal like the grating of a dull file against a bit of rough iron, the horses went into a panic. There was something doing for half a minute. Finally the mounted men got their animals to the head of the procession and the march down Fourth avenue began.

Behind the police went a line of wagons and after the wagons the elephants, rolling along, every elephant's trunk gripping the tail of the one in front. Coco went last, clanking miserably in chains, calling to his big mother to come and help him wipe up the earth with old Bill and Mooney and the rest of the men worms that were treating him so. It made Columbia giggle, and they thought it best to have three men walk by her, hook in hand.

feet. It went off with a bang and Coco doubled up in a knot and tried to break away. All along the line of elephants there was an angry trumpeting, and if the circus people had caught that boy they would have whaled him within an inch of his life. It took three minutes to quiet Coco and get him going.

The rest of the trip through the Boverly, east along Broomer street and to the Williamsburg Bridge went quietly enough. Last year when the new bridge was used for the first time there was a good deal of curiosity about how the elephants would act, but old Coco led her tribe straight over. This time nobody thought anything about the bridge. In the middle Coco bobbed up again. It seemed that he didn't like the salty smell and wanted to look over the bridge wall, but Mooney prodded him with the hook and he shrieked and went on.

It was to be expected the caravan turned into the old circus lot, but it is worthy of note that despite many things said of the modern breed of small boys, there were no less than sixteen who had sneaked away from home and playfully besought old Bill to let them carry water for the elephants.

RUN DOWN BY AN AUTO.

Orlo supposed to Be Dead, but He Finally Walks Home.

A big automobile containing two men and two women struck Joseph D. Orlo, of 401 First street, Jersey City, at Grand street and Pacific avenue, that city, last night. Orlo dropped like a log and the machine sped on. Pedestrians picked up the unconscious man and telephoned to police headquarters that he was dead. A patrol wagon was sent after the body and policemen were notified to intercept the racing auto at the furies.

Ten minutes later a big machine with two men and two women in it was stopped at the Erie Railroad ferry. The party denied all knowledge of an accident, but they were taken to the Gregory street station. Willie Capt. Cody was quizzing them the patrol wagon returned from the City Hospital with the revived Orlo. He said the bump jarred him out of his senses, but did not do any damage. Eyewitnesses to the accident declared that the police had the wrong machine and apologies were made. Then the autoists rode away in a huff and Orlo walked home.

GATHERING IN THE SPEEDERS.

Bicycle Cops Made a Busy Day of Arresting Auto Drivers.

Bicycle Policemen Kerrigan chased an automobile down Broadway from Fifth to Forty-first street yesterday afternoon which he says was running sixteen miles an hour. Frank Pullman, a negro, was driving the machine which was owned by Othniel De Forest of 50 West Thirty-sixth street. Mr. De Forest's son was in the machine.

John C. King, a broker living at the Hotel Wolcott, was arrested on Eighth avenue by Bicycle Policemen Geidman. He was operating his own machine and in it were three women. King said he had made a 150 mile trip on Long Island during the day and was taking his car to the garage. He was taken to the West Forty-seventh street station where he gave cash bail.

George Rollins of 216 East Eighty-seventh street, employed by a wholesale liquor dealer, was arrested on Eighth avenue for running an automobile too speedily. The wife of his employer was in the vehicle. Rollins was taken to the West Forty-seventh street station.

AUTOMOBILE IN A CRASH.

Two Men in a Carriage Slightly Hurt and Their Horse Disabled.

ELIZABETH, N. J., April 23.—A horse and carriage driven by John and George Kubach ran into by an automobile at midnight last night. It was a head-on collision. The horse was knocked down in the road and the carriage wrecked. The Kubach brothers were hoisted into the air and landed in the gutter, but with only slight injuries.

The autoists, who had no lamps burning, went through the wreck without serious damage to their machine, and shoved on toward Elizabeth without stopping to inquire if any one had been hurt. The horse had to be shot. There were at least two persons in the automobile.

BOY MORTALLY HURT BY CAR.

Motorman Frightened by Demonstrations of the Crowd.

Four-year-old Benjamin Levine of 31 Monteth street, Williamsburg, was run over and mortally injured last night in front of 733 Flushing avenue by a car of the Graham avenue line. He was crossing the roadway behind a coach when the car, in charge of Motorman Frank J. Reiff, 22 years old, of 189 Greene street, approached, and before Reiff could bring the car to a stop the boy was struck by the fender and a wheel passed over the left leg. The right leg was badly lacerated.

The boy called for his mother, and this increased the excitement in the sympathetic throng, which had gathered about the motorman. The latter tried in vain to explain that he did all that was possible to avoid the accident.

The appearance of Policeman Bender of the Clymer street station, who went to the motorman's aid, caused the crowd to fall back. Pending the arrival of Ambulance Surgeon Plug from St. Catherine's hospital, Dr. Joseph Newburger of 732 Flushing avenue attended the boy, who was removed to the hospital in a dying condition. Reiff was arrested.

GASHED HIMSELF IN A CROWD.

Parents Think Heifst Tried Suicide Because He Could Not Support Them.

While a throng of Easter promenaders were passing along Lexington avenue at Thirty-first street yesterday afternoon, John Heifst, 24 years old, a wall paper designer, of 332 East Thirty-first street, pulled a razor from a bag of tools he was carrying, slashed it across his neck, just missing the jugular vein, and out the artery in each of his wrists.

A witness quickly found Policeman Cousin of the East Thirty-fifth street station, who tied up Heifst's wrists, and then sent a call to Bellevue Hospital. The wounded man fought desperately to escape being put into the ambulance. He was finally tied down to a stretcher. He was nearly dead from loss of blood when he reached Bellevue.

Heifst's parents were surprised when they heard of his deed. They said he went to Boston to get work in a week ago. On Saturday he had a letter from him, which said that he was succeeding well. As the son was his sole support, they concluded that he had preferred to die rather than go home and report failure.

CLAIMS PART OF FAIR ESTATE.

Frank Smith of Topeka Says He Is a Brother of Mrs. Charles L. Fair.

TOPEKA, Kan., April 23.—Frank Smith, a deaf in Kansas, at a hospital here, will go to Newmarket, N. J., to establish his claim to a part of the estate of Charles L. Fair, who was killed in an automobile accident in France in August, 1902. He says that he is a brother of Fair's wife, who was also killed in the same accident. The will of his sister, Mrs. Charles L. Fair, had a clause bequeathing to her brother, Frank Smith, "whose present address is unknown," \$10,000 out of her private fortune. Shortly after her death a long legal battle was fought between Smith's relatives in the East and Fair's relatives for the possession of the \$10,000 estate left by him. It was compromised, by allowing Mrs. Fair's heirs \$30,000. Frank Smith may get a share of that. It was divided between his mother and brother.

Store Closes at 5:30 o'clock. *Mr. Wanamaker's Store* Store Closes at 5:30 o'clock.

Men's Spring Suits Made to Measure

NOW with the worry of the Easter dress clothes off his mind, the man is ready to take up the matter of his Spring business suit; and we have some unusual attractions to offer in our made-to-measure clothing.

In the first place, we offer tailoring that is thoroughly high-class in every particular. We offer fabrics that are the very best the season has produced. We guarantee the utmost correctness in style and perfect fit, and yet the prices are quite moderate—\$25, \$30 and \$35.

We are showing a splendid assortment of fancy worsted suitings, to meet every taste and fancy. We make them up in double or single-breasted sack suits; and the man must be satisfied or he is not allowed to take the suit.

Come in and let us show you the fabrics. At least, you will enjoy looking them over.

Men's Tailoring, Second Floor, Fourth avenue.

Men's Oxfords at \$1.90

THE man who is looking for something in a stylish Oxford at a moderate price will be surprised to see what excellent shoes we can supply for this modest sum.

These shoes are specially made for us over models and lasts of our own selection, and in the various popular leathers.

The variety includes black cadet calfskin Oxfords, with straight-form last. Patent calfskin Blucher Oxfords, with pointed toes. Tan Russia calfskin Blucher Oxfords, with narrow toes and full extension soles.

All are made with the serviceable Goodyear welted soles, and they present values unmatched anywhere for less than \$2.50, at least.

Shoe Store, Fourth avenue.

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Formerly A. T. Stewart & Co., Broadway, Fourth ave., 9th and 10th sts.

Some tailors make better promises than clothing—making promises is easier than "making good."

Every Arnheim suit must be a credit to the label it bears, and if the suit doesn't "make good," we will. \$20.00 for the suit tailored in a \$40.00 way.

Let us mail you samples and style book.

ARNHEIM Broadway and 9th St.

DR. ADLER ON TAINTED MONEY

INSURANCE SCANDAL, TOO, A SIGN OF OUR MORAL DEATH.

Grieved by the General Acquiescence in the Theory That It's Right to Accept Gifts for Missionary Work on the Ground That It Helps Trade.

Prof. Felix Adler addressed an immense audience at Carnegie Hall yesterday, his subject being "The Resurrection of Humanity." In the course of his remarks he referred at length to the use of so-called "tainted" money for religious purposes, and the life insurance scandal. In part he said:

"A cold atmosphere morally surrounds us and seems to suffocate us in our higher life. It proceeds primarily from the corruption and death in our public life and we feel that it is necessary to clean the springs of our public life in order that we may live."

America, the professor said, had bred a race of giants. Activity on the purely material plane was so great that the people deceived themselves into the belief that they were splendidly alive, but never was there such death in those things that characterize the human being.

Of the use for religion of money that had been wrongfully acquired, Prof. Adler said that nothing was so humiliating or so characteristic of the death he spoke of as a letter which recently appeared in the press defending the acceptance of such gifts on the ground that the money so used brought big returns in a commercial way, the missionaries opening up new markets for trade wherever they went.

"Was there ever anything more grossly human than the plea in the letter to which I have referred? Was there ever a better example of commercialism degrading religion? Yet I have seen no particular protest against the sentiment which animated it. It is true that the Bible in past times has been used for firearms and times has, but we were ashamed of it. Such a plea as was made in this letter was reserved for an age and a people that are morally dead. Every newspaper in the land should have protested against this public offender, who committed a public nuisance. But where are the protests?"

"The non-acceptance of money for religiously acquired for the purposes of religion will never cure the evil. It is a half way measure at the best. At the same time it is wrong to judge a man on hearsay testimony. He must have a chance to defend himself. It is for the church to which he belongs, if found guilty, to discipline him, to suspend him, to bring him to repentance."

The reason why the selection of this particular scapegoat or a number of scapegoats will not do is that the evil is so universal. It is the evil of a part separating itself from the whole, the evil of individualism that is of people doing up the trashy selfish interests as the last end of life. Individualism is insane and it has made us insane—this setting up of a part as against the whole."

Prof. Adler spoke of the life insurance scandal as a debate that is filling the atmosphere with a moral miasma, a stench of death.

"Insurance," said he, "is a most sacred trust. For an insurance official to imperil that fund or lessen in any way its value is like the brutality of one who seeing an old man leaning on a staff, should strike that staff from his hand. Insurance is also a consolation for upon his deathbed the father feels that even beyond the grave he may still be the breadwinner. To impair the value of that fund could be likened to the act of one who would strike the cup of consolation from the lips of the dying."

they have broken the fiduciary relation the instant they contemplate personally profiting under that relation. Every moral relation is of a fiduciary character.

The same inability to discriminate between right and wrong is seen in a thousand places. The president of a railway is also a contractor doing business with that railway of which he is a trustee. In his capacity of contractor he secures an advantage over himself as president. This is in his fiduciary capacity. We can trace it down even to the household where the tradesman for all the supplies entering the employer's house.

What is the essential underlying source of all our moral corruption? It is unquestionably a lack of comprehension of the true nature of fiduciary relations. The trusts would not be the great menace they are to-day if they had not acquired that fatal initial velocity through the corruption of bankers and legislators who were unworthy of the confidence reposed in them. The crown of its head to the soles of its feet our society is poisoned with this disease. And it makes no difference whether wrongful gains are measured by millions or by a few paltry dollars.

The speaker held that patriotism in its broadest sense was the only cure for the evil. "Public spirit of the right kind," he continued, "will overcome this insane individualism. We need public spirit—the kind of public spirit that means always having the fiduciary relations right."

FINE EASTER COLLECTION.

Enough Raised to Cancel the Mortgage on Dr. Carson's Church.

The Easter offering in the Central Presbyterian Church, Marcy and Jefferson avenues, Brooklyn, yesterday morning, was sufficiently large to wipe off the debt on the edifice and leave a neat balance in the hands of the treasurer. The church was erected nine years ago and cost \$35,000. The pastor, the Rev. Dr. John F. Carson, has worked ever since to wipe out the debt. Three years ago the mortgage amounted to \$40,000, but since then \$30,000 has been paid off, leaving an indebtedness of \$10,000. During the last year the treasurer was able to set aside \$5,000 toward this indebtedness and yesterday morning Dr. Carson made another appeal to his congregation.

"All we want to clear this magnificent church of debt is \$5,000," he said. "The members have always responded heartily to the welfare of the church."

The collection was then taken up and in the afternoon the treasurer reported to Dr. Carson that \$3,000 had been received. This will wipe out the mortgage and leave a balance of \$400 to the credit of the church. This amount was added to by the collection up last evening. It is believed that the mortgage will be burned on May 20 next, on which date the Rev. Dr. Carson will celebrate his twentieth anniversary as pastor of the church.

THE REV. DR. MORGAN DIX ILL.

And Dr. Steele, Vicar of Old Trinity, Preaches the Easter Sermon.

Crowds filled Old Trinity and its chapel, St. Paul's to the doors yesterday morning. The sextons of both churches said that the crowds were the largest for a number of years.

The decorations at Trinity consisted of lilies and white and pink roses banked on the altar, with laurel and the flowers in the niches of the revedes, and Dr. J. Nevett Steele, the vicar, preached the sermon on the "Resurrection." The rector, the Rev. Dr. Morgan Dix, was confined to his home with a cold.

At St. Paul's the palms and Easter lilies hid the altar and the lectern was decorated with azal and palms. The Rev. W. Montague Geor, vicar of the chapel, preached the sermon.

Swindles as Charity Society Collector. The Charity Organization Society has issued a warning against a female impostor who is reported as representing herself to be a "collector" for the Charity Organization Society. The Charity Organization Society employs no collectors. That the woman is an impostor is shown by slight figure, dark eyes, dark hair, from 25 to 30 years of age, well dressed in dark clothing.

RECORD CROWD AT CATHEDRAL

NEARLY 13,000 WORSHIPERS AT YESTERDAY'S SERVICES.

Attendants at the Pontifical Mass Numbered 4,000—Archbishop Farley Presided—Plain Chant Musical Program the Most Elaborate That Was Ever Tried.

The attendance at the Easter services at St. Patrick's Cathedral yesterday broke all records. At the 11 o'clock pontifical mass 4,000 persons listened to the first Easter Gregorian music and viewed the elaborate ceremonies at which Archbishop Farley presided. The attendance at the 6, 7, 8 and 9 o'clock masses broke all previous records, there being an average attendance of 2,000. Of this number 3,500 received holy communion.

So great was the crush at the 7 o'clock mass that the Rev. James V. Lewis, the Archbishop's secretary, who was saying this mass, had to cease giving holy communion in order to finish the mass in time to begin the 8 o'clock service.

The total attendance at the Cathedral yesterday was nearly 13,000. This does not include the crowd at the pontifical vespers at 4 o'clock.

Archbishop Farley was assisted by Mgr. Lavelle, and the deacons of honor were the Rev. Thomas F. Murphy and the Rev. Dr. W. J. Sinnott. The Jesuit father, the Rev. Thomas J. McCuskey of Boston College, and a former assistant rector of the Cathedral, preached the sermon.

The music, under the direction of Prof. James C. Ungerer, was the most elaborate plain chant program ever given in the Cathedral. The left choir of seventy-five voices and the choral choir of 100 voices were augmented by an orchestra of twenty-five pieces.

The procession was "The Day of Resurrection," taken from a Greek hymn of the eighth century. The proper of the mass was entirely Gregorian with harmonized psalms, and the ordinary of the mass was the seventh sixth opus of Mitterer.

Speaker Nixon, Mrs. John W. Mackay and her daughter, the Princess C. Loma; John Fox, John J. Carroll, Borough President Cromwell, George Ehret and Miss Annie Leary were worshipers at the Cathedral service.

BISHOP POTTER AT EPIPHANY.

Preaches Easter Sermon There—Collection Was \$5,477.

Bishop Potter delivered the Easter sermon and celebrated Holy Communion at the Church of the Epiphany, Lexington avenue and Thirty-fifth street. Reading from a new Bible, his gift to the church and used for the first time, Bishop Potter took for his text the verses recounting the discovery of the removal of the stone from the sepulcher. The collection was the largest Easter offering in the history of the church, amounting to \$5,477. This sum was \$477 in excess of that requested by the rector, the Rev. William T. Crocker.

POPE'S GIFT TO NEGRO CHURCH.

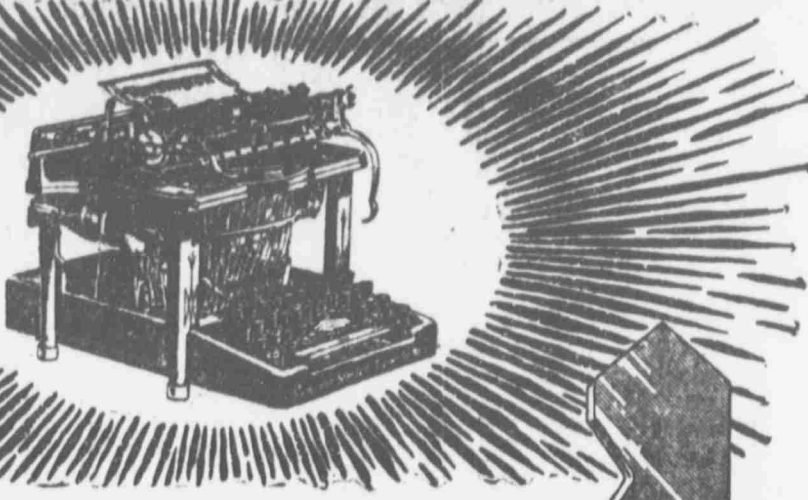
Crossed He Gave St. Benedict's to Be an Exhibition This Week.

The large crucifix presented to the St. Benedict's Colored Mission by Pope Pius X. and brought to the rector, the Rev. John E. Burke by Mgr. Kennedy, rector of the North American College, Rome, will be on exhibition at Tiffany's store on Monday and Tuesday. After Tuesday it will be on special exhibition at the Easter Fair in St. Benedict's Hall, in West Fifty-third street.

John J. Delany, Corporation Council, will make the opening address at the fair, which begins Tuesday next, April 25. White and colored women will take charge of the tables.

MIDDAY SERVICES FOR SHOPPERS.

Rev. Dr. Henry Mottet, rector of the Episcopal Church of the Holy Communion, at Sixth avenue and Twentieth street, announced at the Easter morning service yesterday that the special mid-day services held during Lent at the church would be continued daily hereafter. These services begin at 12:30 o'clock P. M. and last fifteen minutes. They are for the accommodation of visitors to the retail shopping district.



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HORSE DASHES INTO CROWD.

Big Girl, Scared by Train, Charges Base-Ball Spectators—Seven Badly Hurt.

James Magee, 18 years old, of 1351 Franklin avenue, The Bronx, who is employed exercising horses by a firm of East Twenty-fourth street dealers, took out a big fraction of gray attached to a light spring wagon yesterday afternoon. He didn't get further than Third avenue when a passing elevated train sent the animal off on a wild run.

The horse started down Third avenue, hit an elevated pillar at Twenty-third street, and left Magee and all the rig except the shafts and traces in the street. Magee was severely bruised.

The horse headed for the East Twenty-third street ferry, gathering speed with every jump. The ferry gates had just been opened for the passengers and carriages from an incoming boat. A couple of ferry employees ran out and succeeded in turning the horse southward.

From the ferryhouse to the foot of East Sixteenth street stretches a wide expanse of asphalted plaza, known as "The Farm," where two army teams of teams were playing for the entertainment of about a thousand spectators, mostly small boys. The majority of them were massed closely along a chalked out diamond.

The runaway horse made a bee line for the crowd and was upon them before they had a word of warning. When the horse was finally stopped through sheer inability to find his way through any further dozen men and boys, more or less severely hurt, lay stretched out on the asphalt. Their wounds were taken to Bellevue Hospital.

William Kraemer, 14 years old, stenographer, of 293 East Fourth street, fractured chest and lacerated stomach and head and contusions; Henry Cherry, 14 years old, of 343 East Twenty-third street, possible fracture of skull; Victor Potter, 2 years old, of 343 East Twenty-third street, lacerated wound of the leg.

The following went home after their wounds were dressed: Walter Levy, 28 years old, of 339 East Thirty-first street, abrasion of the face; Charles Wager, 17 years old, of 545 East Seventeenth street, contusions of the face and body; Patrick Warren, 9 years old, of 215 First avenue, head bruised; William J. Murray, 14 years old, of 200 Avenue C, sprained ankle.

Policeman Haney took Magee to the East Twenty-second street station, where he was locked up charged with reckless driving.

MISSION ANNIVERSARIES.

Mrs. Hobbs's 31st Year of Work—Supt. Hadley Converted 22 Years Ago.

Five hundred Bowery delinquents were made happy last night at the Doyer street mission. They munched sandwiches, drank coffee and listened to stories of repentance and conversion. The feast was in celebration of the thirty-first anniversary of Mrs. Sarah Hobbs's entrance in East Side slum work. The chief speaker, "Dore" Ranney, told in picturesque phrase all about his conversion and when he finished two dozen typical Bowery toughs said they were ready to lead better lives.

The general meeting room of the Old Dry McAuley Water Street Mission was crowded with one of the largest audiences ever within its doors last night to celebrate the twenty-third anniversary of the conversion of Supt. S. H. Hadley. About fifty converts testified to the great good that had come from Supt. Hadley's years of work at the mission.

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